did disdaine my childe, and stoode betweene her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilst ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course unnaturall, you not your childe well loving, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindenesse, perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? we wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne: her monument is almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden charracters, expresse a generall praise to her, and care in us, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth sweare to'he gods, that Winter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'l do as I advise. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Saile seaes in Cockels, have and wish but fort:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To use one Langnage, in each severall clime,
Where our scenes seeme to live. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now againe thwarting the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his Daughter, all his lives delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behinde,
Is left to governe it: you beare in minde
Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate.

Well

Well sayling ships, and bou
This King to *Tharsus*, think
So with his sterage, shall yo
To fetch his daughter home
Like moates and shadowes
Your eares unto your eyes

Enter Pericles at one doore,
at the other. Cleon shewe
makes lamentation, puts
departs.

Gower. See how beleefe
This borrowed passion sta
And *Pericles* in sorrow a
With sighes shot through
Leaves *Tharsus*, and again
Never to wash his face, n
He put on sackcloth and
A tempest which his mor
And yet he rides it out. N
To the Epitaph for *Mari*

The faire st swee
Who withered in
She was of Tyru
On whom foule, d
Marina was sh
That is being pr
Therefore the ea
Hath Thetis bir
Wherefore she do
Make raging B

No vizor does become
So well as soft and ten
Let *Pericles* beleeve his
And beare his courses t

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